

## Children of the Beast - Part II by enochpowell

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**Summary:** Without death we cannot have new life. Without the death of plants, animals, creatures, people; the nutrients that make life so beautiful, that make life possible wouldn't exist. Without death the earth would be barren and cold, no growth, no birth, no life to make it beautiful once more. Without this circle of death and rebirth; nothing could exist. Life itself could not exist.

# 1. Chapter 1

## Chapter 1

A/N: I'm back! After people saying the ending was too dark (in truth it was) I have decided to continue the story into part 2! Please R&R as they mean a lot to me. I have my own style of writing that I will not change so if it's the writing style that's bothering you: tough luck, but if you have an interesting idea or perspective on the story, feel free to review or PM me. Enjoy!

"Now here is a riddle to guess if you can, sing the bells of Notre Dame. Who is the monster and who is the man?" – The Hunchback of Notre Dame

"Fair is foul and foul is fair; hover through the fog and filthy air"  
– Macbeth

XXX

The blinding white light was what got Luke's attention. The piercing rays half blinded him, breaking the muddy haze he was in. Once this had subsided, the cavernous openings of a great hall were visible, its roof streaked with white and gold paint; glistening and sparkling like stars in the night sky. In front of him three figures stood, familiar but still vague to him somehow. When the first turned around it all clicked in his head. In front of him stood Matthew, Will and Joyce; warm smiles spread across their faces and a welcoming sparkle in their eyes. Turning to his older brother he asked:

"Where's Edward?"

"He got off at another stop" Matthew replied, leaving the details vague.

Nodding briefly, half understanding, Luke pushed the issue no further. Suddenly, the gilt doors opened up, once again flooding the room with light. Luke felt drawn to it, as though some magnetic force was drawing him closer to the entry, some unseen force pulling and nudging him towards it; like the mysterious force that drives birds

home after migration. Closer he got, edging further and further as the light consumed his senses. No pain or feeling was left in his body as he edged towards the light; a firm arm grabbed his shoulder, wheeling him around from the light to face the figure of a dark haired woman staring desperately into his soul. As quick as the woman appeared, she pushed Luke away from the gate as he fell to the floor. Waiting for the slap of the cold marble, he opened his eyes instead to the sensation of damp moss hitting his face. The cold water shocked him awake, stumbling to his feet he noticed the familiar dark sky looming above him. The crackle of gunfire was lighting up the horizon. He checked his body, finding it clad in the familiar green camouflage he was so fond of, now it just reminded him of all the blood on his hands. A faint whisper of a woman's voice, a voice he recognised as his mother's, filled his head.

"Correct what is right, fight what is wrong. Return to your friends, I'll be here ever-long"

The voices startled him once again, disorientating him for a split second as he took his bearings. In front of him a young Edward stood, rifle in hand, shouting at Luke.

"Luke! Luke! What do we do with him? He's a traitor and a coward; we can't let him live!" Edward shouted, his dark rifle unflinching from a kneeling figure, sobbing faintly through the cotton sack placed over his head. Luke walked softly over to the prisoner and removed the sack. A bloodied face of a boy, no older than 11 was revealed, his swelling eye giving away the rough treatment he had experienced.

"Let him go" Luke said quietly.

"What?" Edward exclaimed, readying his rifle once again.

"I said, let him go" Luke rose and turned towards his brother. "We have killed soldiers and men who have families. We don't need to murder a child as well" Luke said, staring his brother in the eye darkly.

"I don't give a shit about who we murder; he gave away our position and caused one of our friends to get killed!" Edward shouted, drowning out the fiery crackle briefly. He rushed towards the boy,

pointing his rifle directly at his head; the kid now whimpering softly as he was muttering a prayer underneath his breath.

"Edward, no. We have shed enough blood on this god forsaken land for a life time. End this brutality and turn your guns on the real enemy. You're a soldier, not a murderer."

"What do you suggest we do with him then?" Edward asked.

"What does he know?" Luke asked.

"Not much, we blindfolded him early on" Alex said, the voice of his dead friend caused Luke to whip round, the pain stabbing at his heart.

"Then we let him go" Luke said, moving to place a barrier between Edward and the boy.

"How can you say that? Are you weak like your brother Matthew?" Edward spat out, readying his rifle yet again.

"I'd rather be weak than a monster" Luke quipped callously. Staring down his brother, Edward finally subsided, shouldering his rifle again before cutting the binds of the boy. Pushing the cold steel to the boy's throat he said:

"If you mention anything to those Argies, I will personally blood eagle you in the town centre of Stanley and hang your corpse up for everyone to see" Edward released the cowering boy from his grip as he scampered away.

The white light returned, swallowing Edward whole as he ascended away from the scene. The red tracer fire from the rifles strafed the sky, each tiny dot of light shooting away from an unseen point on a hill or in a dugout, the rhythmic rumble of artillery serenading to the scene in front of him. Upwards he went, the light growing stronger until all he saw was its consuming warmth. More and more the light intensified, blinding him from its raw power.

And then just like that, all went black.

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The ER room was a bustle of life yet again. The sultry summer made the nurses and doctors drip with sweat as they rushed the two stretchers into the theatres. Luke's lifeless corpse laid spread out onto the stretcher, the bloody rags of his shirt hanging torn and limps from the paramedics' desperate attempts to stem the bleeding. The Doctors burst into the theatre, an emergency team already prepared for the barrage of injured from the gunfight. Luke was rolled onto the stretcher and immediately the scalpels came out and the masks were put on. Hours passed although to Luke they were seconds as the doctors worked tirelessly on his open body. Finding the offending bullet, they moved to pull it from the wound, but as doing so, the bright red fluid started pouring out from the wound as muttered curses were replaced with calls for tools of every description. The ECG machine in the corner of the room, beeping comfortingly for the duration of the surgery, cried out in pain as the rhythmic peaks turned into one flat pain. Reaching into his open chest, the leading surgeon started to massage Luke's lifeless heart, keeping the blood pumping around his body, trying desperately to keep his life in him. Steroid injections followed, causing a spasm before a return to lifelessness. What seemed like hours, but were actually minutes, passed, until eventually the screaming of the ECG stopped and gave way to the comforting rhythm once more.

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Luke gasped awake, the plastic mask smelling funny on his face as he ripped it off startling a half conscious mike next to him. The First thing he notices in the hospital room is the wrapped boxes at the foot of his gurney, followed by the golden sunflowers in the windowsill.

"What happened" Luke asked breathlessly noticing mike for the first time.

"You were shot in the gunfight, Edward and Brenner are dead. You survived" Mike said.

"Where's Will?" Luke asked.

"He didn't make it" Mike replied solemnly.

"How long was I out for?" Luke asked still adjusting to his

surroundings, the pain and the dark memories swarming his brain.

"Five days, the doctors said you were probably going to die"

"Well fuck them too" Luke replied harshly.

"Where's 13?" Luke asked, suddenly getting jumpy.

"I don't know who that is, but they found another girl with Will and she was killed as well"

"Has Mrs Byers found out?" Luke asked.

"She was killed as well, by Edward..."

"Don't mention that things name to me ever again" Luke cut him off, pointing a finger at him. "Just let me rest for now, I'm tired" Luke said as Mike got up from his chair and left the room. Hearing the faint slap of the closed door Luke immediately broke down, the tears streaming down his face and his sobs causing the stitches in his chest to twinge deeply, sending shooting pains deep into his core. His black heart ached, the dark feeling consuming him entirely as he sobbed himself into oblivion.

XXX

The Sun set slowly over the hospital, slipping softly behind the blood red wisps of cloud as it passed down into the horizon, its rays of fire bursting into shards at the fringes of each passing cloud. In the woods, the birds and crickets chirped, lighting up the scene of the gunfight a mere days earlier with a dirge of melancholy song, mourning for the blood and the death of innocence, For the murder of youth, for the snatching of life. In the ditch two bodies lay lifeless, caked in mud to disguise the rotting flesh held underneath. The green camouflage held 13 in a shroud, whilst the red jacket of Will covered his torso enough, keeping away the elements. Animals scuttled amongst the undergrowth, the bark of a fox lighting up the scenery briefly, piercing the black veil of the night. Instantly, 13's eyes flashed open, her eyes bloodshot and bright from shock. She rolled over and was met with the decaying corpse of Will, his frail fingers now pointing deathly at her, marking her out as the cause of death.

She screamed, the corrupt flesh marking her soul and forcing her to empty her stomach where she sat, filling the ditch slightly as more and more seeped out of her. Before she knew it she was running away from the dark place, her spindly legs soon giving way and succumbing to weakness, planting her firmly on the soft floor of the forest. Blacking out, she too slipped into oblivion.

The next morning she awoke to the bright sun warming her face. Noticing a searing sting on her head she reached out to find a damp spot, pulling her hand away (as it had immediately sent shoots of pain into her" she saw the crimson blood. Feeling there once again, she found the nearly intact bullet and pulled it out, the final shooting pain nearly blinding her as she discarded the dense object, caked in her dried blood. She stumbled slightly, her emaciated body being dwarfed with the warm fabric of the smock, still painted with flecks of blood from the gunfight and her own attempted execution. Onwards she stumbled, half in a trance because of the blood loss or the hunger, probably a combination of the two. She stumbled into the broken shed, retrieving her last pack of skittles and quickly picked at them, giving her some slight resolve from the cold and the damp seeping into her bones.

After, she walked on, leaving the painful place behind her. Leaving her first home behind her. Stumbling around, the snap of dried twigs and the crunch of leaves provided her with a monotonous tune to listen to, drowning out the haunting memories that swam in her mind. Soon, she stumbled across a half beaten track. Following it, her half dazed mind put one foot in front of the other, summoning all of her conscious strength to perform this task, as her life quite literally depended on it. Eventually, she found a warm looking cabin. It was different from *her* cabin. This one had a roof and windows and light coming from it. She saw the warm light from the lamps in the window, but plastered in the wall were dancing colours of lights, vaguely mimicking moving figures dancing on a screen. She edged closer towards it, hearing the faint sounds of the TV show, as the soap opera played mindlessly on the TV and the content 14 year old girl stared unflinchingly at it.

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A/N: For those of you who didn't pick up on it, when she was shot at

her powers reacted before she could think and stopped the bullet from causing any serious harm. The reason why they thought she was dead was because it caused her to lose a lot of strength (Like 11 does when she uses her powers). Please R&R!



## 2. Chapter 2

### Chapter 2

**A/N: This story isn't dying yet! (Even though I might be). Exams have come thick and fast and I am honestly surprised that I have been able to write this never mind upload it. Thankyou to my one reviewer, your support really does help me. Enjoy!**

**XXXX**

The sun rose gently over the morning horizon, the damp freshness of the earth tinted the air ever so slightly; its fog was hanging limp amongst the greenery, spreading its tendrils out towards the lush leaves and lichen, moistening and dampening with every passing heartbeat. In the hospital the usual rush was subdued slightly, the early morning being a slight respite for the weary and rushed staff. The last of the bodies had been cleared, the only remaining trace of the gunfight two weeks ago being some disturbed ground, a few bullet holes and some harrowing memories. For Luke the war was never really over, each night he sat bolt upright, plagued with the black nightmares, or were they memories, that seemed to haunt him still. The hospital staff was at a loss to how to treat it as even the morphine proved to be of little consolation, only drowning his dreams to a dull moan. Every so often he was paraded to a doctor, prescribed by several alphabet agencies of course, and made to answer some questions to determine whether or not he was a threat to both the country and its citizens. After weeks of this monotonous process, the doctor was replaced by another doctor; Sam Owens.

"We have news for you" Owens said, seeming remarkably cheery to Luke. Too Cheery.

"Which is?" Luke asked, wincing slightly at the sting in his side.

"The clear up has finished, the labs have been closed and the patients are being moved to adoptive families over the country. The file reports say that your father and brother died in a gas explosion after a leak at the hospital. You will be living with me as my adoptive son and life will go on as normal" Owens finished, looking up from the

binder straight into Luke.

"What about what happened to the Byers?" Luke asked.

"Mrs Byers was shot and killed by an unknown assailant, we'll get someone to fill that role, and William ran off into the woods and broke his neck when he fell down a hill." He finished flatly.

"And the funerals?"

"Next week at the cemetery on the eastern outskirts of town"

"Are you ready to move in with me? Have you got everything you need?" Owens asked, genuinely concerned for the shrivelled boy in front of him.

"I burnt down the house before I left, I only have a few items from a run-down cabin in the woods, and it takes about half an hour to get there" Luke replied, staring off at the wall behind the doctor.

"Hey, kid, I know you've been through some stuff but are you okay? I mean obviously you aren't but you aren't going to die on me are you?"

"It's alright; I feel grief more than anything. It's almost as though before I had a broken part of me for many years and it's now slipped back into place. The break is still there and it won't heal for a long time, but at least it has a chance now."

"That's good to hear, show the fighting spirit!" Owens said looking back at the binder and missing the dark glare Luke shot him.

XXX

"Where exactly is this place?" Owens asked as the two trudged through the dense woodland.

"Not far, it was meant to be out of the way" Luke replied, pushing through some more bushes and into the thinning mist. Eventually the two came to the run down shack, riveted with bullet holes and shrapnel. Nonetheless, it still stood; Luke took a sharp intake of breath as he returned to the dark place. Pushing the stiff wooden

door aside, the musty insides greeted him poignantly. He grabbed the sleeping bags and rolls as well as the assorted bits and bobs here and there before taking the rifle stood up in the corner and shouldering it. The metallic click of the rifle was welcoming, yet it somehow felt alien to him. Leaving the compound he followed Owens back to the car and they drove off to the house.

The house was simple, tulips and roses neatly trimmed in the front garden gave away his hobby at the weekend. The single storey house was very similar to the Byers' now empty one; the only difference being it was slightly larger and was bordered by two similar houses, each with the same regimented gardens and neat pathways. Owens opened the door, revealing a spacious and cosy living room, the flower pattern wallpaper added hints of rose and warmth to the area, a nice change from the drab and cold brick walls of the previous house. Owens led Luke to his room where he found a wooden framed bed with a large wooden closet and a desk at one end.

"Thank you" was all Luke could say.

"No problem, have you got any questions?"

"How long can I stay for?" Luke asked apprehensively.

"As long as you want, you're now my adoptive son. My Eldest son died five years ago in Vietnam, it broke my wife. She died of Pneumonia a month later. I hope that I can be like a father to you, although not literally and I know your past experience makes that difficult: But still I'm always here for you son." Owens said.

"Thank you Sir, I'm ever in your debt." Luke said sincerely, taking in the warm surroundings.

"Please, make yourself at home, and its Sam, no need for formality around here." Owens said warmly.

Leaving Luke in peace, he started to explore the room. Luke took out his rifle from the wooden case and placed it on his wall. After a second of staring at it he took it down again and walked towards the kitchen.

"Have you got a metal saw I could borrow?"

"Yes, yes, in the back over there in the shed" Owens gestured to the garden. Luke marched out, rifle in hand, and entered the shed. The cluttered insides were a stark contrast to the neatly manicured garden. Seeing what he wanted, he fixed the rifle to a vice and sawed into the bottom half of the barrel. Before completely severing the black metal though, he stopped and left it open. Taking some iron he used a blowtorch to weld the barrel shut for double measure, ensuring the rifle could never be used again. Satisfied with his work he inspected the gun and re entered the house, fixing the now useless rifle onto the wall once again. Sitting on his bed, he leant back into the soft pillows next to him, the gentle fluffiness of them being a solemn consolation to the haunting memories that still hung about his head. The sun slowly slipped below the horizon and Luke slipped into oblivion once more.

XXX

The wooden cabin looked warm to 13, different from her cabin, but still inviting. Cautiously, she slowly made her way to the door. About ten feet away, a sweet and warming scent drew her closer enticing her to grow nearer and nearer to the warm cabin. Inside, eleven felt the movement before she heard it, looking at hopper she turned off the radio, shocking him in the process.

"Person. Door" she said looking darkly at the latched gate. Standing, he took his pistol out of its holster and signalled Eleven to get down underneath the table. Hopper glanced out the window, using the barrel of his revolver to lift the thick curtain gently. Just outside the cabin, a young figure furtively walked closer to the cabin, her pale face being the only visible part of her, the rest obscured by the camouflage in the evening twilight. Before Hopper had a chance to react, the latches on the door clicked open. He turned to glare at Eleven but found her mirror of confusion mirroring his. The door ominously swung open, creaking slightly as it clattered against the oak panelling of the cabin wall. The young girl stood there, and for the first time hopper noticed the flecks of dried blood on her face and her matted hair, as well as the fresh crimson seeping softly out of her nose. Hopper just stood in awe, seeing the frail frame of the girl shake as she struggled to support herself, seeing the inevitable he

caught her body just before she hit the floor. He took her in his arms and placed her on the couch, with a bewildered eleven looking at the girl with awe.

"Go get a warm washcloth kid" he told eleven as he started checking her pockets for any identity, a sole card being his only find.

*Sergeant Matthew Brenner – East Falkland Detachment*

*D.O.B – 25.05.1968*

*Number: 336190*

*Role: Marksman*

*Awards: SAM, VC, DSM*

The picture printed boldly on the plastic card had since faded, but the figure of a young boy in similar camouflage with light brown hair and dark brown eyes stared back at him, the coldness still palpable in its washed out state, and that face, that dark face. Hopper could've sworn it was familiar. Eleven had started washing the young girl down during his thought process, dabbing the dried blood softly from her pale face. She began to take off the green clothes, revealing a second overly large fleece and then a hospital gown underneath. When she found the gown, she reeled back in shock; the bloodied cloth being flung across the room and the lights flickering slightly

"Lab" was all she could mutter, the thoughts swimming past her eyes.

Hopper took over, washing the girls face and matted hair; upon further looking he discovered the dried wound in the back of her head.

"How did you get this" he asked the unknown girl.

The frail girl held up her hand in an L shape like a child holding a pistol and then jerked her hand back, leaving her pointing finger right between hopper's eyes. He led her to the shower and showed her the controls and left her to it. The warm water rushed heavily, creating a blackening white noise in the bathroom. 13 relaxed, the warm water running over her softly. For the first time in her life she

felt safe.

When the shower stopped and 13 got out, now clad in a set of pink cotton pyjamas, eleven looked at the girl expectantly; her brown eyes stared intently into 13's dark blue eyes.

*Who are you?* Eleven asked silently through her mind.

*I am like you* thirteen replied likewise

*How old are you, what is your name?*

*I don't know, Papa called me 13*

*How long have you been out for?*

*A few days now, Luke helped me. Good man. Soldier.*

*What happened to your head?*

*Bad man tried to shoot me; I stopped it before it went too far.*

The warm trickle of blood stopped the conversation as hopper looked on in silent shock as the two girls stared at each other intently, a crimson trickle stemming from both of their noses.

Hopper got up and took the Eggos out of the microwave, giving a plateful to 13 and eleven as they both took rapid bites from the warming pastry.

"You two could be sisters" Hopper remarked, noting how they both ate the waffles before them.

"We are" eleven replied, taking a gulp from the milk placed on the coffee table before her, returning to devouring the golden food before her.

XXX

**A/N: Thankyou for reading this, I know I've not updated in weeks but my exams have truly come thick and fast, I might get another one in at the end of this week but to be honest I am**

doubtful. Don't worry, I don't plan on abandoning this story so I will update more of it, I just don't have the time. Please R&R!

### 3. Chapter 3

#### Chapter 3

**A/N: Thankyou to my reviewers, they mean a lot to me. For the story plot I will be including several of the points you made, but to say any more would spoil it. Once again thankyou for all the support and enjoy!**

**XXX**

3 weeks later

"Now pull" the nurse said as Luke tried desperately to pull the light weight towards him, the sweat glistened on his forehead as his muscles tensed, shaking his arm into a steady tremor. The scarred area now burned as though someone was jabbing a red hot iron into the very hole, paralysing the entirety of his left side. The intensity of the flames grew and grew as his muscles strained, the small pile of metal slowly ascending up the column before a loud crack deafened Luke and the weight fell to the floor.

"Shit, Shit, Shit, Shit" Luke cursed, grabbing his arm in pain.

"I think that's enough for today, get rested and use the bands to strengthen the muscles. An injury like that will require a lot of work on in order for you to get back up to pace" The Nurse said, packing away the machine, lowering his hand to Luke who took it and helped himself up.

Leaving the gym, Luke collapsed in a heap on the bench; the frustration and the physical pain were mentally exhausting. He took some deep breaths of the mild September air, feeling it flow through his lungs and giving him some solace of the day's events. Before long though, the stale smell of cigarette smoke announced the arrival of a familiar character.

"Long time no see stranger" Luke said, eyes unflinching from the grey tarmac of the car park.



"I could say the same to you" Hopper said.

"Is there anything I could help you with" turning to face the imposing figure of the man.

"Are we being followed?" Hopper asked, taking a seat next to Luke and throwing away the cigarette.

"No I made sure of that"

"13 is alive" Hopper stated.

"Bollocks" Luke quipped, laughing under his breath.

"She is staying at my cabin" Hopper continued, ignoring Luke.

"I saw her get shot, don't lie to me Hopper" Luke said, turning to face the man and staring him coldly in the eyes.

"She survived; her powers stopped the bullet from going too far"

"Is she okay?" Luke asked, trying to force down the stiffness in his throat.

"She's safe, she's with my daughter"

"When can I see her" Luke asked

"I will pick you up from the station at six, if you aren't there you won't get a second chance" Hopper said.

"I guess it's a date then" Luke said, getting up from the bench.

The two stood up and shook hands before turning towards their respective homes. Getting in his blazer Hopper caught sight of the picture in the sun shield of him and Joyce. The two looked happy. He remembered it was the first Christmas after the shadow monster incident; he drifted back to the warm food, hugs and delighted smiles of the boys at just being normal. He wiped away the tear half way down his cheek and put the car into gear.

XXX

The setting sun began to slip behind the thick clouds as Luke looked at his watch repetitively, trying to ignore the dull throb in his left arm. The doors to the station swung open, momentarily flooding the car park with warm light.

"Right, Get in. Any shadows?" Hopper said abruptly.

"None"

The car journey was filled with awkward silence, the rattle of the frame pierced the veil between the two every so often.

"How long have you had her?" Luke spoke up, the silence now gone.

"About two weeks, she came in a bad state" Hopper said, eyes still on the road.

"How old is your daughter?"

"We think she is 14 this year" Hopper said.

"What do you mean you think?" Luke asked, turning to look at the man quizzically.

"She's like 13" was all Hopper could reply.

The blazer turned down a beaten track into the woods, the pot holed and bumpy road jerked and shuddered as the sun baked mud remained hard,, giving way only lightly under the immense weight of the truck. Eventually Hopper turned off the engine and got out, with Luke following behind. The two walked in silence through the woods, the crunch of dry leaves being the only noise around them. Stepping over several trip wires and dodging several other traps they eventually came to the cabin. Hopper stepped up on the wooden porch and gave the secret knocks which were returned with the loud clicking sound of several latches being undone. The door swung open and a blur whizzed past hopper and slammed into Luke, throwing him onto the floor with a thud and a groan.

"I missed you too 13" Luke said, winded.

The girl got up from Luke but slammed into him once again when he

regained his composure, her thin arms stretching around his waist and grasping him tightly.

"Come on, we'd better go inside" Luke said, taking 13 with him into the Cabin.

Once into the light, he noticed the wound in her head, a dark mixture of red black and green.

"How long has she had this?" Luke asked, turning 13 to have a proper look at it.

"Since she came, I've been unable to go to the hospital so we've been trying to keep it clean" Hopper said.

"Get me some salt water and a wash cloth. I'll deal with it" Luke said, getting 13 to sit down on a chair.

Hopper grabbed the things with 11 and placed a lamp so Luke could get a clear view of what he was doing. Taking off his rucksack, he took out a large medical kit bag from it and undid the straps. Taking out one of the vials, he poured the white powder into another, filled it with saline and shook it, dissolving it entirely. Taking out a pipette he dropped the solution onto the wound and either side of it, numbing it. Next he took out a bottle of rubbing alcohol, dipped a scalpel in it and removed the putrid flesh. After that he then used the salty solution to wash down the wound before pouring a very dilute solution of alcohol onto it in a similar fashion, cleaning it entirely, all this whilst 13 stayed still and unflinching due to the numbness in the area. He then took out some sutures and sealed the wound, rubbing it with alcohol once more to ensure its cleanliness. He gave 13 some white tablets before instructing hopper to give them to her once a day with meals for a month.

"How exactly do you know this?" Hopper asked.

"I wanted to be a doctor at first, a medic in the army. But then the war kicked off and but a halt to any ambitions of that nature" Luke said sadly, closing the green fabric satchel.

He carried the now sleeping 13 to her bed, tucking her in and leaving

a bag of skittles next to her for when she woke up. Luke took a seat next to Hopper and for the first time got a good look at eleven. The petite brunette had dark curly hair to her shoulders, her warm brown eyes looking at him with a mixture of intrigue and fear.

"You're Papa, but not Papa" Eleven said coldly.

"I was his son. Papa is dead. I killed him" Luke replied

"Good. Bad man" Eleven responded, eyes diverting away from his face.

"How did you know?" Luke asked.

"Eyes. Same eyes. Bad Eyes" Eleven replied, turning to face him once again.

"How is thirteen Eleven?" Luke asked, looking into the girls warm brown eyes with his steely grey ones.

"She is friendly, like a sister but closer"

"I want you to look after her, only you will understand what she's been through and I cannot be here all the time. Please eleven; can you do that for me?" Luke half pleaded with the frightened girl who could open a gateway into a parallel dimension, she nodded lightly in response.

"I've got to go now otherwise people will get suspicious. Thanks chief, I really mean it" Luke shook the burly man's hand once more before leaving through the door.

The ride back home was as quiet as the ride to the cabin, Luke and Hopper remained in silence for the most part, the odd cough or yawn being the only break between them.

Luke broke through the door to the house, Finding Owens with piles of paper on the table.

"What's all this?" he asks

"I thought to make the transition smoother if we had you change your

name to mine, people wouldn't ask as many questions" Owens said looking up from the piles of paper mounted either side of him.

"I'm listening" Luke said, taking a seat.

"Here you will sign your name to be Luke Owens. You will remain your former titles with the Victoria Cross but you won't have the surname Brenner. The cover story is that I am your uncle that took you in after your two brothers and father dies in a car crash"

"Where do I sign?" Luke asked pen poised ready.

"Here, here and here" Owens gestured to blank lines on the paper, quickly scribbled in by Luke.

"There we go, you are now Sergeant Luke Owens VC" Owens said, shaking the boys hand vigorously.

XXX

By the time Hopper had come back eleven had fallen asleep on the couch, the soap she was watching now dragging on into the night. He turned the TV off and was about to drape a blanket around her before he noticed the smaller figure wrapped up by eleven. He saw her breath gently and for a second or two eleven looked at peace. Here she wasn't a telekinetic girl, she wasn't a lab experiment, and she wasn't a monster. Here she was just a girl looking after a small frightened child, wrapping her up protectively in blankets and hugs. Here it was as though the lab never touched her. It was as though she was normal.

And if no one noticed Hopper tearing up and mopping his eyes on the sleeve of the shirt; that didn't matter either.

XXX

Meanwhile at the Wheeler's a dark mood hung over Nancy's room. Jonathon sobbed gently into Nancy's arms, mourning the loss of his entire family and turning to the only source of refuge and warmth he knew.

"It's okay, it's okay. I've got you" Nancy whispered over and over

again softly in his ear.

"What happened exactly?" Nancy asked, breaking the embrace to look Jonathon in the eyes.

"A loony broke in and killed mom, then Will ran and fell in the woods" Jonathon replied, his voice now a whisper amongst the sobs.

"What will you do?"

"I'll stay in the house until I go to college. Then I'll sell it and use the money to pay for fees" Jonathon said rubbing his raw eyes.

"What about Lonnie?"

"He can go and fuck himself. The Will says the house is passed down to me and Will..." he broke down once again at the thought of his little brother.

"Will he give you any trouble?" Nancy asked, rubbing soft circles on his back.

"I'd like to see him try" Jonathon said coldly.

"I had better be going" Jonathon said as he looked at his watch.

"Are you sure you don't want to stay here for tonight?" Nancy asked him shuffling up on the bed.

"No thanks Nance, I had better be going" he left through the door and drove away, wiping the crusty tears from his raw face.

XXX

The house was quiet. Too quiet. The usual noise of Joyce looking for something or cooking and the noise of Will playing a video game or scribbling away on some paper were gone. The putrid insides of the house were cold and swallowing. The once vibrant and welcoming atmosphere had given way to a frigid, dead temperament. Jonathon sat on the couch, trying to force out painful memories of his family. The images swam through his mind, popping up at the next step he took around the shell of a house. Sitting down once again he poured

himself a drink, the same bottle which he and Nancy got from the reporter. Sipping on the still disgusting drink he tried to force himself into oblivion. The cold shell was slipping away into a dark haze of bliss silence when a deafening boom made him jump from the couch. Breathing heavily, he looked around the house, ready for any demonic monster to jump out at him again. Poised and ready to jump he took a knife from the kitchen counter and waited for the animal to move again. The next three bangs came from the front door. Putting the knife away and letting out a breath he didn't know he was holding in he opened the door; he wished he hadn't put the knife down after all.

Standing in the doorway was a slightly less dishevelled Lonnie, his silver hair had been somewhat cleaned and the grease stained shirt had given way to a clean cotton polo.

"Why are you here?" Jonathon asked, not wanting to put up with this.

"To see my son after the tragic news" the iciness in his voice made Jonathon cringe.

"What do you want?" Jonathon said the doziess from the drink now gone.

"Didn't I just say" Lonnie exclaimed, faking confusion.

"I have learnt after these years that why you say you are here and what you want are completely different things" Jonathon quipped, making Lonnie's face darken with anger.

"That's no way to talk to family after such an unfortunate incident" Lonnie said, staring at Jonathon coldly.

"Yeah it isn't, good job you aren't family then isn't it?" Jonathon quipped, making Lonnie's face darken further.

And then it happened.

Lonnie pushed Jonathon through the door and ended up on his back on the floor.

"That should teach you to respect your elders" Lonnie sneered,

spitting at the winded Jonathon.

"Get out of my house" Jonathon shouted, breathing heavily.

"Don't you mean my house?" Lonnie replied.

"Mom left it to me when she died, now fuck off" Jonathon half shouted, grasping his side as the bruising began to appear.

"Your mom was a dirty mental whore" Lonnie spat.

"Say that again, and I will kill you" Jonathon replied coolly, now staring Lonnie in the eyes.

"Oh I haven't even started, what about your queer brother William, I'm pretty sure he wasn't mine. It's good that he died actually, that way we won't have more filth here" Lonnie sneered, revelling in the fire burning in Jonathon's eyes.

"Get the Fuck out of here Lonnie" Jonathon said darkly.

"No, I haven't even started yet. Your mother probably killed Will to try and get the insurance off of him. That whore probably had debts up to her neck with all the bastards she'd been sleeping with"

Lonnie didn't notice the pain at first, nor did he notice the flash of steel in the moonlight zip across his face leaving a bloody trace in its wake. Shocked, he felt his cheek to find the thick gash now bleeding heavily, the offending blade in Jonathon's right hand. Lonnie surged forward at Jonathon, landing a punch square in his jaw and sending the blade flying. Jonathon quickly got up and retaliated, sending a bone crunching pommel into Lonnie's face. Lonnie pushed the weaker boy off of him and onto the floor, but Jonathon's speed made up for this and landed a decisive blow in Lonnie's side, winding him and sending him gasping for air, the thick blood now choking him as well. Jonathon pinned him down with his knees and kept on hitting, the crunching and whacking grew louder and louder until Lonnie was left a bloody mess on the floor. Breathless, he stood up from the groaning Lonnie. Feeling a surge of molten metal through his veins he kicked Lonnie in the stomach, sending him scrunching up and gasping on the floor.



"Get up. I said get up!" Jonathon shouted dragging a half conscious Lonnie up against a wall.

Once he was half leaning against the wall Jonathon drew his fist back and delivered one final blow to Lonnie's face, sending him careering onto the floor. The bloody mess lied there, gasping from the pummelling and the beating he had received. Jonathon grabbed the blade from the floor and slammed it into the wooden floor by Lonnie's face.

"Come near this place again, or me for that matter, and I won't be as merciful" Jonathon whispered, eliciting a soft nod from a broken Lonnie. Jonathon grabbed the crumpled man and physically threw him out of the house and onto the porch, sending him tumbling down the steps. Coughing and spluttering, Lonnie got up and hobbled to his car. Getting into the vehicle, he rolled his window down and shouted with the strength he had left.

"I always knew you had it *in* you!"

XXX

**I hope you enjoyed this, I don't know if you enjoyed that fight scene at the end but I certainly enjoyed writing it. Please R&R and I enjoy hearing your thoughts on where the story is going. I like the idea of a sympathetic Mind flayer but I might do it so it has a 'bit of a twist' – Read to find out! Thankyou!**

## 4. Chapter 4

### Chapter 4

**A/N: Thankyou to the positive response to this story, it really does mean a lot to me as this is the first proper story I've written to completion. I do read and contemplate your reviews so even if I don't get to reply to them (I still haven't figured out how to do PM's) they do mean a lot to me. Enjoy!**

**XXX**

One month later

31st October – Halloween

The Party were all gathered in Mike's basement. Despite the festivities surrounding them, the mood was solemn and drab, contrasting the bright orange and green streamers hung around them. Mike was dressed as a priest with fake blood down his front; Max was her typical Jason with Lucas pretending to be a murder victim. Dustin was a werewolf and eleven was a ghost (it was the only costume hopper could be convinced to allow her to go in) and Luke was dressed as Jack the Ripper. The room, filled with the assortment of creatures and demons was lifeless and dark. The missing party member and the stark gap on the couch speaking more words than any of them could.

"One year" Max said. "One year with you stalkers" she said trying to lighten the mood, to no avail.

"What happened a year ago?" Luke asked oblivious.

"A lot" Dustin replied darkly, eyes returning to the floor afterwards.

"Boys, Max, it's time to go now!" Karen shouted from upstairs.

"Alright listen, I know we can never replace Will in any way, but if he were here now; would he want us to be like this?" Luke asked, the party nodded in reply.

"So let's go out there and be normal for once. For Will"

"I'll drink to that" Max said, raising her glass of coke from the table before downing it in one.

"For Will" the other sounded, drinking their respective cups of soda.

XXX

The group went house to house, filling their sacks with candy and sweets of all descriptions. The laughter and cheeriness was opposite to the dull mood of the cellar, bright smiles filling their faces instead of the melancholy expressions. The group walked through each neighbourhood, Dustin collapsing when Max scared Lucas to the extent that he screamed like a little girl, much to the amusement of the entire party. The rich houses were tallied up, full size mars bars, snickers bars and bounty's filling their sacks to the brim. For once, the group were just friends. They weren't some monster killing platoon or a force resisting a genocidal demon from a parallel universe. Tonight they were just some teenagers dressed up as ghosts and serial killers on the night where that was normal. Tonight, they were normal.

Eleven rested her head on Mike's shoulder softly, the sights and sounds bombarding her with new information at every house and corner they went to. The screams and shrieks of laughter made her jump at first but she had slowly gotten used to it. The lanky dark haired boy wrapped his arms around her waist, pulling her into him as though he never wanted to let go. Dustin made weird noises at the couple, which fell on deaf ears, whilst the other couple of the group too rested on each other, Max's ginger curls draped over Lucas' shoulder.

Eventually the party came to rest on a bench, the quiet street being a nice respite from the chaotic suburbs where everyone was.

"We should do this every day" eleven said wearily, still hidden under her sheet.

"Indeed we should" mike replied, turning to place a gentle kiss on Eleven's head.

"Why is no one down here?" Luke asked, taking off the top hat and mopping his forehead with his sleeve.

"It's usually where the high schoolers get hammered" Dustin replied, checking around him wearily.

The gentle crackle of twigs went un-noticed by the group as Troy and James, clad in camouflage and green paint crept up on them.

"Where's the queer?" James asked Troy, searching the group.

"He got himself killed a few weeks back, I thought you knew?" Troy said, not breaking his view from the group.

"Who's that guy with them?" James asked.

"He's the new kid from the Falklands. Rumour has it he fought in the war"

"Maybe we shouldn't do this then Troy" James said, his voice wavering slightly as the party stood completely oblivious to them.

"Nonsense, he won't have time to react" Troy sneered, still eyeing the group.

"Ready" Troy asked.

"Three, two, one" He whispered as the two leapt into action. Screaming and shouting at the group, Lucas screamed and Max ran for it. Dustin fainted and Mike and Eleven ran away with Max. But then there was Luke. Luke stood still, trembling with his eyes closed. His face was blanched and clammy, eyes darting quickly behind them, and then he fell hitting the concrete hard with a loud thump. His arms started twitching, reaching for something that wasn't there, next the screams began. The hoarse screeches and shouts that came from him stopped the others from running away, turning to help the trembling boy on the floor. James and Troy ran for it, fearing they had done serious damage to Luke.

"Luke, come on mate wake up" Dustin shouted, shaking the boy's shoulders as his screams continued.

"Wake up!"

(Luke's perspective)

The dark night sky provided solemn cover for the five of them, camouflage and webbing was as black as midnight; the light cloud cover smothered the remaining moonlight from the thin sliver in the sky.

"Where was their last position Andrew?" Luke asked a younger private.

"About two miles northwest from here corporal" Andrew responded, kneeling down and looking through the sights of his rifle.

"Did they just lose contact via radio? Have we been able to contact them since?"

"I'll check with base, something doesn't add up here" Andrew said, pulling out the radio from his webbing.

"Sun raise this is Sierra Papa one; have you had any contact with the patrol since we have left over"

"Sierra Papa one this is Sun Raise, negative over" the voice crackled back over the radio.

"Sun raise this is Sierra Papa one, do they ha..."

The private was cut off by a loud crack on the mountain side, the hot lead whizzing through the air and blowing off the hand holding the radio. What followed was chaos. The Screaming of the private located the search party instantly, bringing down more fire onto them. Luke and Stephen, a lance corporal in the battalion, ran and ducked for cover; reaching a rocky outcrop just in time as the others in their battalion were mowed down. The two returned fire, firing blindly into the tar black night occasionally being illuminating by the muzzle flash of a soldier taking a pot shot at them.

"Ambush, Ambush, Ambush" Luke called down onto the radio, grabbing his rifle once more and sending a volley of shots into the night. Luke and Stephen continued to fire, praying silently that the

next bullet to whizz past them would land itself in the soft moist earth, rather than their warm flesh.

"Take the ammunition here and run back to camp, I'll hold them off whilst you get into that valley over there" Luke said, continuing to fire.

"Yes corporal" Stephen took the two magazines from the floor and loaded up the map back into his webbing. Waiting for the crackling to stop and the air to be free from lead he poised to make his move. When the brief respite came he made a break for it but as he was doing so the cloud cover broke and the full moon shone through, illuminating the scenery: including Stephen. The single shot that rang out was cold and calculated, its red tracer flare zipping out down the mountain with frightening accuracy, hitting Stephen in the head and piercing the thin steel helmet; sending him crumpled to the floor. Luke retaliated fire, trying desperately to take out the marksman with at least one of his bullets. The gunfire crackled again, filling the air with electricity as the harsh whizz and whirl of twisted lead filled Luke's ears. Once again a respite came and saying another silent and hopeful prayer he ran over to the body of Stephen whose head was now unfolded and splatters on the peat earth. Taking the ammunition and only map he ran to the valley, legs burning and lungs stinging he forced his body to push onwards. The crackle of fire started up again, this time the clouds providing enough cover to once again blind their attempts to hit him. Eventually he came to the lip of the valley and threw himself down it, rolling and tumbling down the ground, winding him and bruising his body. The mixture of the night sky and the smell of fresh dirt filled his senses before a sharp blow to the back of his head knocked him out cold.

(Back to the party)

"Wake up Luke, come on" Mike took his turn at shaking Luke, his screams now reduced to a fitful moaning.

Snapping back, his eyes opened and he took in a sharp breath before jumping to his feet and tackling Dustin to the ground, getting on top of him.

"Come at me! I'll fucking Kill all of you!" he shouted, at Dustin raising

his fist above the curly boy's head. Upon bringing it down however he found it frozen, the ghost costume stood away from him stood still and intent on Luke, arm raised calmly. Breathing heavily through his nostrils, Luke's heart rate began to lower and his breath began to get less erratic. The panicked, almost mad look in his eyes gave way to one of remorse. Eleven let go of his hand and Luke stood up, helping Dustin on the way. Suddenly he bent over and threw up into the gutter, a mixture of bile and sweet coming out as he heaved and gagged; the bloody memories flooding back to his head. Dustin looked at him in fear, a mixture of terror and anger plastered on his face as the boy who was about to kill him now threw up and looked crippled on the path. The party dispersed Dustin and Lucas first, taking Max with them. Eleven and Mike stayed with Luke, continuously throwing up everything in his stomach for the next half hour before half carrying him to doctor Owens.

"What the hell happened?" Owens asked as a pale and washed out Luke was deposited on the couch.

"Some boys in camouflage jumped out at us to scare us and I think it triggered an episode for Luke" Mike replied.

"Ambush, Ambush" Luke moaned, voice gargled and weak from the episode.

"What was that?" Owens asked.

Luke took a gulp, receiving the glass of water from eleven that appeared to his right before continuing.

"Falklands, we were on a search party. A patrol went missing. When we got near to where the others last reported in there was an ambush. I was the only one to survive" Luke gulped down the rest of the water, breathing deeply to calm himself down as his leg shook violently.

"So when those boys jumped out at you, what happened?" Owens asked, sitting next to the broken boy.

"I was there; I could see and feel everything. The blood, the smoke and the earth: Everything. That's why I jumped on Dustin, I didn't

realise it was him until I calmed down. I thought it was a soldier." Luke took another sip from the glass.

"Did what now?" Owens asked, turning to the other two standing before him.

"He jumped on one of our friends and nearly killed him, El stopped that" Mike said.

"I feel as though we grow even more indebted to you every day" Owens said, rubbing his face with his hands. "You two go home now, I'll take over from here" Owens said, nodding at the couple standing in the living room. Luke passed out again on the couch, body shaking here and there as the fitful sleep took over, images of blown up bodies and scorched buildings taking over from his mind.

XXX

It was visiting day, every other Sunday Hopper allowed Mike and Luke to visit 11 and 13 at the cabin. No one else as that would be a risk, but every Mike and Luke were given special permission.

"What've you got for 13?" Mike asked Luke, eyeing the plastic bag he was carrying.

"Some skittles and other things, I've brought chess especially" Luke replied. "Hey, I'm sorry for what happened the other week, it's only once ever happened to me before and I was with Matthew then so he just... sat on me" Luke blushed sheepishly, embarrassed at what happened.

"Wait, your brother had to sit on you?" Mike exclaimed, stopping in his tracks.

"It was the only way to stop me from lashing out" Luke replied solemnly. "What have you got eleven?" Luke asked eager to change the subject.

"Some waffles and other stuff, stuff she likes" Mike replied, continuing to march to the cabin.

The two finally reached the wooden structure, warm light pouring



out of its windows in the early morning half light. Mike stood on the porch and wiped his feet on the bristle mat, shaking off the dirt and detritus before knocking on the door. Almost immediately, the locks came undone and eleven steamrolled into Mike, nearly knocking him off of his feet before dragging him into the living room. Thirteen too did the same to Luke, except this time she did knock him over again and the two had to scramble up to each other in order to get in. Mike and eleven sat side by side on the couch as Luke presented 13 with a bag of skittles and the chess board.

"What that?" 13 asked, pointing to the wooden square.

"It's a chess board, I will teach you how to play" Luke replied, setting it down on the kitchen counter with the pieces all set up. "Right, so this is how the board is set up and the pieces move like this" The next hour or so the game was explained to her, the intricate movements of each individual piece demonstrated and shown. The first game was drawn out by Luke, not wanting her to get bored instantly at being completely hammered. The next game he went harder, and the next even harder as the two played and played all morning, with thirteen eventually beating Luke in ten minutes.

"Mike? Do you know how to play chess?" Luke asked, huffing in shock.

"Yes, I am the captain of the school team." Mike replied, his girlfriend still wrapped around him under the steel glare of hopper.

"Can you play against 13, she beat me" Luke's plea was met with a snicker as Mike got up and began to play.

The first game went as predicted, with Mike easily beating 13. Then they played again.

"Checkmate" a happy 13 said as a stunned Mike stared open mouthed at the board as eleven leaned against him. 13 hopped off the chair, hand fiving Luke and grabbed a waffle from the side.

"That's impossible"

"That's what happened"

"She cheated!"

"You're just bad"

The arguing continued until eleven silenced Mike with a kiss on the lips.

When Mike and Luke left, eleven and thirteen fell asleep on each other as normal, the soap being turned off by hopper and a blanket being draped over the two of them. About three in the morning the lights began to flicker and thirteen began to groan softly. The groans got louder and louder until she was beginning to buck against eleven with her head, waking the older girl up. The first scream was blood curdling, piercing through hopper's veil of unconsciousness and sending him scrambling to the front room. 13 lay clinging to eleven as she screamed hoarsely, the older girl stroked her fine hair softly as she rode out the nightmare. Hopper stood in the doorway, watching silently as his adoptive daughter comforted the child, rocking her softly. After what seemed like hours she eventually calmed down and with the help of hopper eleven put her to bed.

"She needs someone" eleven said "She can sleep with me, so when she wakes up she's not alone"

"That's a good idea, tomorrow I'll help you sort your rooms out" Hopper said. "You did good kid; you're like her older sister"

"She is my younger sister; we were both in the lab together." Eleven stated looking at the smaller girl curled up amongst the blankets.

"Come here" Hopper wrapped eleven up in a warm hug, allowing her dark brown curls to rest against his shirt in the moonlight.

"Thanks Dad"

No one noticed the tears streaking down hopper's face, the darkness thankfully obscuring them for him.

XXX

Viruses

"Viruses are creatures that are incredibly tiny and aren't alive. They cause the majority of infections that you and I have to deal with and cause the majority of deaths worldwide. It is because of these things that the flu exists as well as many other nasty diseases" Mr Clark said to the class, only four of which were paying attention.

"The way Viruses work is they invade a host cell. They then place their genetic material into the nucleus and force the cell to replicate them. Once the process is complete, the viruses release an enzyme that breaks down the cell, causing it to burst and releasing the cloned viruses into the surroundings. Thus the process repeats."

XXX

"I'm telling you man he can't be trusted, did you see what he did the other week?" Dustin exclaimed in a hushed voice to the others at the canteen. "He's mad!"

"You know that he isn't mad, he just had an episode" Mike said.

"I don't know man, he seemed pretty intent on killing Dustin" Max said, shaking her head.

"We all have episodes, especially after what happened last year. What he experienced was more violent. We were fighting against some monster from another universe. He was fighting against the worst monsters of them all. Humans" Lucas said wisely, silencing the others.

"Besides" said Mike "he doesn't have them very often and now that he is living with Doctor Owens, it should get better"

"That's not the point; the point is he nearly killed me. If eleven wasn't there he would've"

"Stop being so paranoid" Lucas said

"You start being real! As long as he is alive he is a threat to the party. We cannot trust him"

Luke walked through the canteen doors, silencing the discussion for now.

"Hey guys, what's up?" he asked, oblivious.

"The sky" Dustin said as he took his food and walked away.

"What's wrong with him?" Luke asked Mike.

"Nothing, it's just Dustin being Dustin"

The party continued to talk for the remaining hour or so, before the shrill of the bell made them scatter to their next classes.

XXX

The mild air of early October had given way to the harsh biting wind of autumn. The dry leaves scraped and scratched against the pavement, tossed haplessly by the wind, tracing out patterns and spirals of orange and gold. Luke plodded on through the biting wind, buttoning his felt coat to preserve what little warmth was left. His red cheeks burned with the wind, the thought of a warm tea being very promising back home. Out of the corner of his eye, a black Mercedes lurked around. At first he thought it was him but later he realised that after turning a corner the car still followed him.

He was being followed

Luke quickened his pace, taking sharp turns to try and throw his tail, but to no avail. The car stalked him throughout the streets, its headlights flashing against the lifeless panes of glass in the stores that lined the street. He reached the suburbs and broke into a full on sprint, hoping to reach his house before the stranger caught up with him. He found his house and burst through the door, turning into the kitchen and prepared to burst through the garden and into the shed to retrieve a hunting rifle however when he did so, the kitchen table was surrounded by figures in suits and one in a recognisable green uniform.

"Luke, it's good to see you son. Take a seat" Owens said, the sweat on his brow giving away his nerves. "Here I have Vincent Hammerstead of the FBI, Colin Gosforth of the CIA, Colonel Hanson of the US army and Brigadier Burgess of MI6. They wish to speak to you regarding a certain escapee from the lab" Owens wiped his brow once more.

"Sergeant Brenner, we have heard good things of you" Gosforth said, shaking Luke's hand warmly. "As you are aware the lab work your father and brother were doing has been covered up, except for one loose end."

"Loose end sir?" Luke asked, hoping he didn't mean what he was implying.

"Yes, one of the subjects, patient 009 escaped on the night of the bombing and has been untraced since. She is extremely dangerous and has already killed three members of the public. As such I expect she will come after you and Doctor Owens here as a way to get revenge. As such, with the work of my British counterpart here we have assigned you a guard that will work with you and essentially be with you at all times. We will clear you to carry a handgun and once your arm has healed he will return to duty in the UK or he will stay here until the subject has been captured"

"What exactly makes 009 so dangerous?" Luke asked

"She has standard telekinetic abilities, but she also has the ability to learn things from others. What has made her so deadly is that when she used her abilities on some of the guards that night; she essentially in a split second acquired all of their training. To put short, she is now the deadliest secret agent in the world with a combined total of fifty years training in fire arms and hand to hand combat. Now she has turned against the public and indeed against us, the state fears for your safety and as a British citizen as well as an American citizen we cannot let you come to harm as we also hope to work with you in the future" Gosforth finished, looking at the FBI officer apprehensively.

"What makes you think I will work for you?" Luke asked, looking straight into the eyes of Gosforth.

"They don't, we do" The brigadier said, standing up from the table. "We have a special role in Northern Ireland for you, when you finish middle school here we will provide you with training where you will work as an undercover operative against the IRA. As a result you will receive a very, very nice pension and a house with all expenses catered for you will never have to look at us again."

"I am tempted although why me?" Luke asked the old brigadier, whose white hair was standing on end under the peaked cap.

"Because you are the youngest veteran in the British army, young enough so that you can infiltrate a paramilitary undetected."

"Alternatively" Hammerstead said, "You can continue your work with us as a lab technician. Here you will mainly be working in counter chemical weapons procedures and counter ballistics measures. You will gain the same benefits only this time you won't have to infiltrate a terrorist cell."

"And who exactly is assigned to protect me and Doctor Owens from 009?" Luke asked.

"That has been left to the British for that, but I am told that you will find the arrangement most agreeable" Colonel Hanson said. "Well gentlemen, we have finished our business here, let's leave the doctor and the sergeant at peace" The colonel got up from the desk and left through the door.

"Who was tailing me before?" Luke asked, just as Gosforth was leaving.

"Well we needed to know if you were heading home didn't we?" and with that he pulled on his coat and entered the black car waiting outside.

XXX

The plane jerked and shook, its rickety airframe being twisted and pulled by the turbulence. The man sitting by the window tensed his fist so his knuckles were white, closing his eyes and trying to shut out the deafening noises.

"First time dear?" the old woman sat next to him asked

"No, No, it's just the last time I was in a plane we fell out of the sky" the man sniggered to himself, turning back to the window and stared into the pitch blackness of the night sky. The landing gear came down and the lurch of the plane forced out a breath that the man didn't know he was holding.

"What are you here for?" the old woman asked.

"I'm here for business; I've recently got a job here with the department of energy"

"Well I wish you all the luck dear" the woman said, standing up from the seats and disembarking the plane, entering a large line of people filing into Indianapolis airport.

**XXX**

**A/N: here you have it, longest chapter of the series but as I planned it out, this story needed to be slightly longer in order to make the next phase fit properly. I hoped you enjoyed reading and remember to R&R! The Next chapter should be out within the week if I don't get round to doing it tomorrow or in a couple of days time if I do. Thankyou!**

## 5. Chapter 5

### Chapter 5

**A/N: Here it is! The fifth chapter in the series, in total there are 16 and around 50,000 words. This one may be darker than the others it may not be, I'll see how it turns out. Enjoy!**

**XXX**

The bright red lightening lit up the sky, its arcs and tendrils shooting out like jets through the ashen cloud. Putrid flesh and dry, barren leaves were swept about by the biting wind, ash and dust being kicked up also. Amidst the fray of decay, the shadow monster stood, its dark and black outline a heaving mass above the world, pitch black against the blood red light. The monster was watching, not the upside down but instead the normal world. He saw a girl running in the forest, men with guns after her. He saw the cabin, with eleven and thirteen wrapped up in each other's arms, he saw Luke tossing and turning from the nightmares plaguing his sleep. He turned his attention to the girl, the rattle of the odd shot rang out in the choking woods, but still the girl ran. Capturing one of the lead projectiles she spun it around and flung it back, hitting the soldier in the neck, sending gore shooting out everywhere. The girl continued to run, her breaths now hoarse and desperate, whilst the men chased after her. Stopping behind a tree, the shadow monster watched and saw the girl send a sharpened log behind her with her mind, impaling two of the guards through their Kevlar armour. The girl continued to run, her hoarse breaths catching in the moonlight as puffs of white vapour. One of the guards fired a burst of fire at her, the red streaks of the bullets coursing through the woods like fireworks, one of which caught her in the arm, making her scream out in pain as the metal cut through her flesh. The girl jumped into a ditch and steadied her breathing, using the rhythm of her heartbeat as a metronome. A small trickle of blood came from her nose, the warm fluid slowly worming its way down her face. She mentally grabbed hold of the soldiers, making them freeze in position. Keeping her focus, she then jerked her head, with it came the spines of the soldiers. After leaving them floating for a good five minutes, the girl let her grip on them



falter; the now dead bodies slumped to the ground, squelching and thumping one by one. The girl stood up and took one of the black rifles from the guards as well as his rucksack and coat. Leaving the scene, she wiped her nose with the back of her hand, marvelling at the crimson streak left behind.

The shadow monster was impressed, feeling deep into the thought strings of the girl he felt anger, but below that was hatred. A bitter and pure hatred he himself couldn't hope to replicate. In this little girl was nothing but malice and evil. As she walked through the woods, the bodies of the guards behind her, the shadow monster felt sorry for the girl, yet another victim of the brutality of humanity. He felt Sorry for Will too, the young boy managed to survive his possession which although annoyed the monster to no end, he respected him for his strength. He felt somewhat sorry for the boy that he too reached his demise at the hands of humans. The Monster zoomed out and looked onto the earth, its brutalities being met by brutalities, its violence being met with violence. Its hatred being met with hatred. He was proud, in truth, their evil rivalled his, but most of all he felt sorry for them, he felt sorry for their inevitable demise at the bloody hands of each other. He felt pity, most of all, such evil could be used as a weapon, but what good is a weapon if all it does is destroy itself?

XXX

The man hopped off of the plane, the damp tarmac glistening in the filament light provided by the various airport buildings. His green uniform seemed almost black in the low light, the bright ribbons on his breast being the only exception. Stepping into the airport he shook hands with Gosforth warmly as he followed the man into a waiting black car.

"I am sure you have had the preliminary brief?" Gosforth asked.

"Only briefly" The man said, setting down his briefcase. He was handed a set of papers by Gosforth and began to read them.

"Well you really have messed up big time" The man said, shaking his head whilst reading the files.

"This is because of your friend sergeant Brenner; he was the one that caused the escape"

"Luke caused all of this?" the man asked, Gosforth nodded.

"So you're telling me that an entire project funded by the biggest world economy was taken down and destroyed single handed by a fourteen year old boy?" The man asked.

"Look, John, Your job isn't to ask questions. Your job is to find this girl, kill her and be on your merry way" Gosforth snapped, staring at John's deep blue eyes darkly.

"Yes Sir" John said, eyes still fixed on Gosforth.

"Your cover story is that you are working as a consultant for the local police department. The British army has sent you and many others to the US to assist in building bonds with NATO. During the day you will keep a close eye on the police, look for anything unusual and in the weekends you will join a special patrol group to go and hunt for subject 009"

"Have we had any more information on her whereabouts?"

"Yes... She killed twenty armed officers last week." Gosforth said as the car fell silent.

"Alone or all together?" John asked

"All at once. If our records are correct she is the most powerful subject we know of. Even more powerful than subject 011"

"I heard that you also lost another subject, 013, correct?"

"Yes, she was shot and killed however by Captain Edward Brenner shortly before he too was killed"

"Where shall I be staying?" John asked, flicking over the files once again.

"We have lodged you in the nearby army base about five miles west of the town"

The car pulled to a halt at the checkpoint into the base. Parking at a specific spot outside the main headquarters, Gosforth shook John's hand as he left.

"Good luck John, you'll need it"

XXX

The chief of police tried to sneak into his office, grabbing a frosted doughnut on the way. He thought he had made it before a shrill voice shattered his plans.

"James Hopper! Do you know what time it is?" Flo half shouted, hands on hips in her typical pose.

"Maybe, maybe not" Jim replied, inhaling the doughnut he was holding.

"You have a special visitor. State sent him" Flo said, returning to her desk.

Hopper unlocked his door, nearly running into the man dressed in a green uniform sat opposite his chair.

"Nice to meet you, you are?" Hopper asked, trying to recover.

"Major John Woodheys, British army" the man said, shaking Hopper's hand warmly. The two men took seats opposite to each other.

"I heard state sent you, what for exactly?" Hopper asked, lighting a cigarette.

"As part of the NATO agreement, the UK and USA have exchanged soldiers to train local police forces and assist in daily business. I have been sent here as a specialist in armed protocol and crowd control" John said, rubbing his hands below the desk.

"I'm afraid you might be out of luck here the last time state police was called was when there was a fire at the old lab" Hopper tapped the ash into the tray.

"Even better, I'd like a few months of R&R" John said

contemplatively.

"Hold on; Hold on, A few months?" Hopper asked.

"Yes, it's state that makes the decisions not me. Are you already sick of me?" John joked.

"Where exactly have you served, you said you were a major in the..." Hopper led him on.

"I've served in Northern Ireland and the Falklands. I am a major in the Cheshire Rifles"

"The Rifles didn't see action in the Falklands though" Hopper stated, stumping out his cigarette.

"I was a cadet then on the islands, we formed part of a resistance force and joined in the fighting. Due to a few legal loopholes we technically fought under the British army so we each have a medal. Afterwards I was promoted to Captain and sent to Northern Ireland with the Rifles" John finished, looking at his boots.

"I heard you're a vet too" John said.

"Yeah, two years in Vietnam" Hopper spoke lighting another cigarette.

"I heard it was a bad gig" John said.

"You could say that" a knocking on the door interrupted them.

"Hopper, the farmer's are at it again" Flo said, clearly frustrated.

XXX

The dark room smelled of putrid mould, the one light in the dark cavity was a worn out and beaten lamp that now stood in one corner of the room.

"You hurt me" 009 said to the man, still dressed with his lanyard around his neck. He was gagged and bound to a wooden chair; a pulsating black bruise around his eye gave away the brutal trauma he

experienced. The man shook his head, wincing at the throbbing around his eye.

"You hurt mama" nine continued, stepping closer to the man who was now begging for his life through the gag.

"You hurt my sister" 009 stated, growing closer, the expression on her face darkening by the second.

With a flick of her head the man's legs wrapped round the chair, each one shattered. The man's screams grew louder and panicked.

"I was ordered to! Dr Brenner forced me to do it!" the man pleaded with the girl, his screams blood curdling in the night.

"You had the chance to stop, instead you carried on. You killed my sister and my brother and tortured my family!" she screamed, twisting the man's arm backwards, forcing out more blood curdling screams.

"Please, Please!" the man begged.

"You killed 16, you killed my sister. You hurt eleven. You hurt eight. You hurt thirteen. You hurt me!" The girl twitched her neck to the side, the man's head following with it, a sickening crack breaking the damp silence of the room. The man fell limp in the chair, disfigured neck twisted and entwined in an odd shape. The girl wiped her nose in a brief, practiced movement. The dark crimson streak on her hand being the only reminder of her bloody deed, marking her. She left the room through an old wooden door, taking out a can from the worn out and beaten fridge, cracking it open with a smooth movement. She left the house soon after, the bright moon cast soft silver rays onto the shack, the trees scattering it into a thousand beams.

[The next day]

The burning building glowed like a candle in the night, the screams from within echoed throughout the grassland, the high pitched squeals and screams piercing through the night. The flames licked and engulfed the wooden sides of the house as the four children and mother cowered within. Nine stood outside, watching darkly as the

flames burned and flickered, the screams growing more desperate with each passing second. Still the girl stood silently, watching the house and the victims be consumed within. The girl laughed darkly to herself, the chuckle developing into a full cackle from her throat. The screams deepened, the fire growing ever larger, swallowing the house whole.

Soon the screams fell silent and the silent moon drifted silently over, illuminating the grassland with faint blue light, blending with the yellow and reds of the fire to form the crimson haze of blood that surrounded the house.

**XXX**

**A/N: That was the darkest of these chapters yet I think and a bit shorter than the others because really I only had one idea planned for this chapter and I kind of threw in bits and bobs around it. R&R and comment what you would like to see / predict what happens in the future.**

## 6. Chapter 6

A/N: A levels; fun, aren't they? Sorry to all my 10 regular readers out there for leaving you dead in the water but lots has kicked off and to be completely honest I am surprised I have survived. Anyway, I'm back, I'll try my best to update when I can although I'm not making any promises.

XXX

Blackness. That is what John saw. No light, no fumbling shuffles that may give away life; just nothing. A void of pitch, sticking and clinging to everything, his jacket, his rifle, his bag, even his cigarette that was supposed to be lit. The next thing he felt was the rain. Its itchy monotony pounding away at his face, making the canvas webbing turn to harsh lead around his waist. After that, the other thing he noticed was the pain, a searing red-hot flash coursed across his leg; causing a scream, more akin to a stabbed bird than a human, to burst out of his hoarse and strained throat. Suddenly the blackness was lifted as someone dragged him out of whatever he was in, the clinging void gave way to blinding lamps from armoured trucks, the red tracers illuminating the sky like shooting stars. He was laid down on the floor then dumped onto another canvas stretcher, the lifting motion making his left leg throb and burn but his throat did not collapse into a scream, too hoarse with black ash to open. The man carrying the stretcher near his feet fell to the ground, his body whipping round and collapsing in a lump, taking the stretcher with him. Blackness again, the pain must have caused him to go into shock as he woke again to a soldier aiming a gun over the bonnet of the APC. He squeezed the trigger and the crack shattered the visage.

John came about, staring at the black coffee with a passive distance. He stirred it once more before taking it back into the office.

XXX

Luke shifted down a gear on his bike to get up the hill, the clicking of the chains oddly noticeable above the whirring air and wheels. Standing up on the pedals, he fought against the incline hard, panting and wheezing when he reached the top of the tree covered hill. He

dismounted the rusty bike and entered the gates of the cemetery, the apprehension in his stomach twisting and turning like a swollen worm. He counted the rows, as he had done all those times before, 5 rows in and three plots along. The same plain headstone standing watch over the freshly dug earth in its shadow.

"Joyce and William Byers"

He read the shallow engravings on the granite for the thousandth time. He took his bag off, unzipping it with a short and sharp movement before taking out the lilies and placing them on the earth in the headstones shadow, its cold stone being no comfort to the grief and pain burning inside him. Luke stood expectantly at the headstone, waiting, praying for anything yet nothing came. He turned and left the barren site, remounting the squeaky bike, now frozen from the autumn air and cycled back into town.

XXX

John tapped his cigarette against the glass ash tray in the office, his eyes not lifting from the reams of white paper he was reading like a hawk. He took another sip from his mug of now tepid coffee, wincing slightly at the bitter taste.

"It says here you have ten officers on active duty here" John said, looking up at hopper.

"Yes, it's all we've ever needed" Hopper replied, eyeing the cigarette enviously. Noticing this John took the packet from his desk and offered it to hopper.

"No thanks, my daughter is making me quit" He said, shaking his hand in the air as though to physically remove himself from them, to cut whatever invisible cord there was between him and the brightly coloured packet.

"She is a smart girl then" He said whilst stubbing out the lit cigarette. "What's her name?"

"Jane, although she prefers to be called by her middle name, Eleanor" Hopper responded, now watching the man intently.



"How old is she?" John asked, now paying full attention to hopper as well.

"She is 14 this November"

"Who is the lucky lady?" john asked, not taking his eyes of hopper, the stare off now making a bead of sweat drip down hopper's face.

"She died, that's how jane came to me"

"I'm sorry to hear that" john replied, taking his eyes of hopper allowing him to breathe once again.

"How about you, do you have any family?" Hopper asked, trying to change the topic of conversation.

"Yes, my parents and fiancée are in the Falkland's" John replied; eyes returned to his work.

"You have a fiancée? You're too young kid" hopper chuckled to himself.

"When you see your friend get his brains blown out by an invader and then press a button which kills 26 people by burning them alive you tend to grow up quickly" John retorted, his gaze now returned to hopper, a cold glare now making hopper uncomfortable.

"True, but are you sure about this? You're what 18? You are going to be with her for a long time"

"That is exactly what I want Mr Hopper, we have known each other since we were two, we grew up with each other"

"Fair enough, but for what it's worth marriage isn't worth it"

"Just because your wife left you after your daughter died doesn't mean its worthless Mr Hopper" James replied, making Hopper freeze where he stood.

"And before you ask, I don't care about eleven, I'm here for something else" he added making hopper feel sick with fear.

"How... How did you know?" he asked, stunned.

"I used to hunt terrorists who were far better at hiding something than you are, it's my job to know everything about everyone" he replied, the same calm composure adding a monotony to his demeanour.

"What are you here for?" Hopper asked.

"I told you, didn't I? For rest and relaxation" he replied, taking another sip of his tepid coffee. "This tastes of shit, you need to get some good coffee here" John said, laughing lightly.

XXX

Back at the cabin, hopper came in to find a luke and 13 playing with each other, Luke was holding a duck puppet in his left hand and 13 was feeding it bread with her hand.

"Who let you in?" hopper snapped.

"She did" Luke replied, pointing to eleven.

"What did I say about letting people in that you didn't know?" Hopper barked at eleven, startling her.

"But I know Luke, and it was his turn to come today" eleven pointed out matter-of-factly.

"Sorry kiddo, I'm just stressed that's all" Hopper conceded.

"What's up? Luke asked, now getting antsy at hoppers edginess.

"We have a new guy at the station, John, from the Falkland's, funnily enough" Hopper ended the remark sarcastically.

"What the hell is he here for" Luke half shouted, getting up with a panicked expression.

"Why do you know him?" Hopper asked.

"He is only the deadliest British operative who hunts terrorist and

who I fought with against argentine marines, What the hell is he doing" Luke reiterated.

"He said he isn't here for 11, he is here for something else" with the end of that statement both turned their gaze to 13. Luke scrambled, getting the Bergen out from underneath 13's bed and stuffing clothes in it.

"What the hell are you doing?" Hopper shouted.

"What does it fucking look like, if he isn't here for 11 he is here for 13. I can't let another person I love die" Luke snapped, squaring up to hopper.

"He said he is here for rest" Hopper shouted, cursing at himself for how stupid he sounded.

"Oh yes, they send one of the deadliest British spies to a small random town in the middle of fuck all now where to chill out when they need him to hunt IRA soldiers currently killing and butchering people in Ireland. Come on Jim you aren't that naïve"

"So, what's the plan"

"Take Eleven to you trailer, 13 will disappear for a while. Trap the cabin to see if anyone visits. Leave it for two weeks and then come back, if it has been disturbed then let's get 13 out of here but if not 13 can stay there and 11 and you can stay at the trailer. If he genuinely wanted to go after eleven, he wouldn't have mentioned it to you, so she is safe." Luke said whilst still cramming warm clothes into the bag.

"And where will you go?" Hopper asked, glancing over at a scared 13 clinging onto eleven.

"There is a camp I set up about 4 miles from here in the woods, its warm, dry and hidden which will do for now." Luke replied, now looking to 13 and eleven with sorrow. "It's not ideal, and I hate to see them apart but if it's keeping her alive it will have to do. I suggest you better come up with a cover story for introducing 11 into mainstream life"

"Will do, how do we approach the issue with John if he is still working at the station?" Hopper asked, his voice now raised and tort due to the stress.

"Pretend like nothing's wrong, if you try and deliberately keep an eye on him, he will notice you and realise something is up" Luke replied, slinging the heavy rucksack over his shoulder. "13 we have to go" She stayed still. "NOW!" Luke shouted at her, eleven squeezed her tightly before 13 ran off and joined him, both were out the door in an instant.

"So, what do we do now?" Eleven asked.

"We trap this place and wait, whilst also making up a story about you" Hopper replied, reaching for a packet of cigarettes that wasn't there.

XXX

The cruiser pulled into the middle school car park, the kids eyeing it suspiciously. Hopper sat in the driver's seat and made a mental list of what there was to do and what had already done. He rubbed his face with his palm wearily as he waited for the kids to come out of the school.

Dustin was the first one to notice the waiting cruiser. "Hey Guys, I think Hopper wants to speak with us"

The teens jogged over to the cruiser, expecting news about eleven.

"Something has cropped up" Mike's face blanched "Don't worry about it, eleven is safe, she will just have to come into the open sooner than expected" The kids pondered his words then burst into cheering.

"Why, what's happened?" Max asked

"There is a new guy in town, but we don't know why he is here, all we know is he is linked with the lab in some way shape or form and that Luke knows him" Hopper said, the teens turned a darker colour.

"But it's suicidal to let her go out now!" Mike half shouted, the other hushing him as they all looked furtively around the carpark.

"It is rest assured she is safe, but we think he is after 13. Luke has taken her into hiding for now, but we don't know his true intentions, we have trapped the cabin and are monitoring it so none of you should go over there. Also, El now lives at my trailer by lover's lake so you lot can visit her more often and she will be free to go around town." Hopper said, pinching the brow of his nose once again. "Just stay calm, act casual and pretend nothing is wrong, if any of you parents ask who the new kid is say I adopted her after her mother couldn't look after her anymore, got it?" the kids nodded in unison. "Right, pile in, she is scared and right now you guys would be the best ones to cheer her up" Hopper said as the four teens crammed into the car.

A/N: Thanks for reading, I know this chapter is a bit short but i'm really busy and figured something is better than nothing.